SUNDAY, JANUARY 20, 1980

3:00 P.M.

WALTER HALL, E.J.B.

THE GRADUATE CONTEMPORARY ENSEMBLE

Cuatris (1969) — Leonardo Balada
for flute, clarinet, bassoon and piano
(five movements)

Canciones, Op. 42 (1956) — Udo Kasamets
for soprano, flute and guitar

Sui, Op. 29 (1969) — John Fodi
for flute, flexatone, and five metronomes

Ariel (1971) — Ned Rorem
for soprano, clarinet and piano
(three songs)

Contra Mortem et Tempus (1965) — George Rochberg
for flute, clarinet, violin and piano

Performers:

Elizabeth Brickenden, bassoon; Leslie Flynn, piano; Barbara Hankins, clarinet; Wesley Lowe, piano; Ronald Mah, violin; Elizabeth Nye, flute; Theresa Lee Ryan, soprano; Bruce Vogt, piano; Lynn West, soprano; Tom West, guitar.

Special thanks to the Music Graduate Students Association, the Graduate Department of Music, and the Performance Division of the Faculty of Music.

Notes:

Cuatris ... L. Balada

Born in Spain in 1933, Balada came to America to study with Aaron Copland and Vincent Persichetti. He combines his Spanish heritage with contemporary trends. The former is particularly evident here in movement III. Some contemporary techniques used are: limited aleatorism (mvt. I), one pitch class (mvt. II) and clusters (mvts. I, III, V).

Canciones ... U. Kasamets

Canciones is an evocative setting of a free translation of three of F. G. Lorca's poems. While there is some usage of a twelve-tone row one still feels some kind of tonal pull, but its direction is uncertain. It is dedicated to Harry Somers.

Sui ... J. Fodi

Sui, like many of Fodi's pieces, is as much a philosophical-psychological statement as it is a musical one. It deals with conflicts: man versus woman (female and male performers), metal versus wood (flute and metronomes), and musical versus non-musical (pitch and non-pitch). It is dedicated to Kathy Cernauskas.

Contra Mortem et Tempus ... G. Rochberg

"...if there is such a thing as spirit, then human life is surely its expression here on earth; and art is just as surely one of the great doors or one of the tiny apertures through which we can pass or peer into the world of the infinite.... Hence the title of my work: Against Death and Time.

...it is a 'collage' or 'assemblage' of scraps and bits from the music of other composers [Boulez, Berio, Berg, Varese, Ives], as well as an earlier work of my own, composed for one or more of the same instruments, singly or in combination performed by the players of the Aeolian Chamber Ensemble for whom the work was intended."

CANCIONES from poems by Frederico Garcia Lorca

1. The Song Wishes to be Light

The song wishes to be light.
In the darkness the song has threads of phosphorus and moonligh
The light does not know what it wishes.
Within its boundaries of opal it meets with itself and turns ba

2. Pause of the Clock

I sat down in the clearness of time.
It was a backwater of silence, a white silence,
wherein the stars went round knocking against black figures.

3. The Guitar

The lament begins of the guitar.
The winecups of dawn are splintered afar.
The lament begins of the guitar.
It is impossible, useless, to get it to stop,
it weeps monotonously as the rain, drop by drop,
or as wind weeps on the snow peak's top.
It is impossible to get it to stop.
It grieves for things far out of sight,
like the hot southern sands for carmellias white.
It weeps, the targetless arrow, the eve without morrow,
And the first bird on the bough to perish in sorrow.
O the guitar, the heart that bleeds in the shades
Terribly wounded by its own five blades.

ARIEL by Sylvia Plath

1. Words

Axes
After whoes stroke the wood rings,
And the echoes!
Echoes travelling
Off from the centre like horses.

The sap
Wells like tears, like the

Words dry and riderless,
The indefatigable hoof-taps.
While
From the bottom of the pool, fixed stars
Govern a life.

2. Poppies in July

Little poppies, little hell flames,
Do you do no harm?

You flicker. I cannot touch you.
I put my hands among the flames. Nothing burns.

And it exhausts me to watch you
Flickering like that, wrinkly and clear red, like the skin of a mout

A mouth just bloodied.
Little bloody skirts!

There are fumes that I cannot touch.
Where are your opiates, your nauseous capsules?

If I could bleed, or sleep!--
If my mouth could marry a hurt like that!

Or your liquors seep to me, in this glass capsule,
Dulling and stilling.

But colourless. Colourless.

3. The Hanging Man

By the roots of my hair some god got hold of me.
I sizzled in his blue volts like a desert prophet.

The nights snapped out of sight like a lizard's eyelid:
A world of bald white days in a shadeless socket.

A vulturous boredom pinned me in this tree.